



FOREVER

19 AUGUST 10
SUN. MON. TUE. WED. THU. FRI. SAT.

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31					

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NEW PATTERNS—ALL SIZES

CLUETT SHIRTS

\$1.50 Value For
98c

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ALSO WE ARE OFFERING

50 CENT TIES

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50 CENT SOCKS

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IRVING ROSEBOROUGH CO.

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TRI-WEEKLY

The Commoner,
WEEKLY,

AND

The American Homestead,
MONTHLY

All One Year
for

\$2.65

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OFFICE.

Physicians Advise

the use of a good laxative, to keep the bowels open and prevent the poisons of undigested food from getting into your system.

The latest product of science is VELVO Laxative Liver Syrup, purely vegetable, gentle, reliable and of a pleasant, aromatic taste. Velvo acts on the liver, as well as on the stomach and bowels, and is of the greatest possible efficacy in constipation, indigestion, biliousness, sick headache, feverishness, colic, flatulence, etc. Try

VF 1

VELVO LAXATIVE
LIVER SYRUP

SUIT MADE HIM CAUTIOUS

Libel Action Causes an Employer to Be Extremely Conservative With His Pen.

Mr. Timidity once had the misfortune to figure as defendant in a libel action, and since then he has been remarkably cautious with his pen. Some little time ago he was obliged to dismiss his servant, and subsequently the lady who thought of engaging the domestic wrote to Mr. T— for the girl's character.

Now Mr. T— might have said a good many things, but he remembered that libel suit. A week or so later a lady called upon him in anything but an amiable temper.

"I've called for an explanation, Mr. Timidity," she began. "I engaged a girl solely on your recommendation, only to find she's worthless. You said that, like other girls, she had her faults—"

"She has, madam."

"I'm aware of it! But this is also an extract from your letter: 'In one or two departments she excels.' What do you mean by that, may I ask?"

"Well, madam, she eats well—"

"Good gracious! I should think she does!"

"Very well, madam! She also sleeps well—and those are the departments referred to!"

WANTED TO GET A-PLenty

Unprofitable Client of the Country Squire and His Enormous Biscuit Capacity.

"Squire" Polk was the general adviser in political, legal and other matters for all the country round about his estate, and, being the soul of hospitality, his table was never without one or more of the unprofitable "clients" who came to consult him.

His wife had long since ceased to remonstrate, and she and the young people resigned themselves to get all the good possible in the way of amusing experiences out of the affliction.

One morning a long, lank mountaineer alighted from his "critter" just as the family was sitting down to breakfast, and promptly accepted the squire's invitation to share the meal.

When the dining-room boy carried a plate heaped with "beaten" biscuits around the table the guest took one regarded it admiringly for an instant, swallowed it almost whole, then beckoned with a crooked finger to the boy.

"Heah, boy," he said, "come back! Reckon I'll take three more of them laddies, I gits 'em so sildom!"

AD INTERIM.

Noah Webster was compiling his dictionary.

"I know, of course," he said, "that this is a purely ephemeral work, but it will serve a useful purpose as a sort of stop-gap. Insert the hyphen there, if you please," he interrupted himself to say to the typewriter girl. "It will bridge over the interval between the crude literary beginnings of Addison, Doctor Johnson, and Walker of an earlier day, and the perfected newspaper style cards of the twentieth century."

From which we learn that the immortal Noah took himself seriously, but not too seriously.

DIFFERENT WITH HIM.

Towne—My wife's nerves are such peculiar things. She always worries when she's having a dress made just as if—

Browne (interruptingly)—Huh! My wife only seems to worry when she isn't having one made.—Catholic Standard and Times.

A HELP.

Friend (to guide)—Why does your wife always go round with the parties that you take over the castle?

Guide—She always gives me a tip at the end and so induces the others to follow suit.

THE JOY OF COMBAT.

Curate (to wife beater)—But, my good man, can you and your wife not live together without fighting?

Loafer—No, sir; not 'appily.—M. A. P.

A Foe TO GRAFT.

"Is he a foe to graft?"
"I should say he is. He would even prohibit linen showers for brides-to-be."

From Lucile's Diary

Carl Bates has been so very nice to me ever since I met him at Lakeside a few weeks ago that I was anxious to give some sort of party to which I could invite him. So I suggested to Louise Irwin that we have a quarter beach supper at Jackson park.

"If you'll take some of your delicious sandwiches and cake," I said to her, "I'll provide fruit and the wieners-wursts and marshmallows to roast in the beach fire."

Louise did not look transported at what I considered a rather magnanimous arrangement, so I continued: "I always envy your ability, dear. If I could make as dainty things to eat as you do I should be very proud, indeed."

"Well, I can bake some of my new English cheese cakes," she said, quite amiably.

"Oh, that will be splendid," I exclaimed. "I'll ask Mr. Bates to bring his English friend, Lionel Hawley. The cakes will be in his honor," I added, merrily.

"But I intended to invite Canby Fuller," she objected.

"Oh, you can entertain him some other time," I explained. "You see, I'm getting up this little party especially for Mr. Bates and, of course, the proper thing is to invite also his most intimate friend. I should think you'd be glad to meet a new man once in a while."

Louise must have taken this remark of mine to heart, for on the way out in Aunt Rachel's motor car—which I borrowed of her chauffeur, telling him that Aunt Rachel would like to have me use it occasionally while she was out of town—Louise was exceedingly attentive to Mr. Hawley. I was quite mortified, for I naturally wished him to have a true idea of the dignity and reserve of American girls. When we got to the beach, I suggested to Louise that she unpack her basket while the men built a fire.

"Where are your things?" she asked. "Why, I explained, 'I thought the wieners-wursts wouldn't be appropriate on such a hot night.'"

"But where are your other things?" persisted Louise.

If she had had any tact she would have grasped the fact that I had forgotten the fruit and marshmallows. Her inquiries were most inconsiderate. "If there's anything needed I can get it over at the German building," suggested Mr. Bates.

"That's awfully good of you," I said. "I'll have the chauffeur make the fire while you're gone." Then I gayly warned Mr. Hawley when he started to assist Louise. "You mustn't go near Miss Erwin's basket," I said, "for there's a surprise in it for you. Come and sit down by me."

When he did as I directed I said: "I'm getting so engrossed in palmistry that I should like to read the lines in your hand. May I see them?"

"Awfully kind of you," replied Mr. Hawley, extending his palm.

I read it quite successfully. I told him that he was ambitious and energetic and that his fate line had brought him across many waters to a pleasant destiny. He seemed much impressed. So did Mr. Bates when he returned. He wanted his hand read also, and it took me nearly the whole evening to interpret fully the lines in his and his friend's palms. The glow of the firelight made my little attempt at fortune telling and character study seem quite romantic and oriental.

"Isn't your knowledge of palmistry extremely recent?" asked Louise in the midst of my interpretations. "I never knew you were such an expert, Lucile."

"You don't know all my accomplishments," I laughingly replied. "Now, dear, we must have those delicious tea cakes of yours."

I am sure that both Carl and Mr. Hawley admired by retort courteous. But, notwithstanding my perfect good humor, Louise appeared glum. She said so little while we ate that I had to exert myself to be entertaining. The more I laughed and talked the deeper her gloom became. Poor Louise is so crude.

Although she added so little to the evening, I enjoyed it very much myself. Indeed, if Aunt Rachel had not telephoned the next day and upbraided me for borrowing her car I should look back on the beach party as an extremely pleasant memory.

I think Aunt Rachel is ungenerous and unreasonable to be annoyed because I happened to have her automobile the night she came home unexpectedly from the country. She should have telegraphed her chauffeur early in the day instead of waiting till nearly the time she wanted him to meet her. It is surprising how thoughtless some people are even about their own affairs.

Human-Headed Rooster.

A man in Boston who handles "freaks" for sideshows and whose duty it is to weed out the false freaks, states that he is annoyed more frequently by men who offer to sell him human-headed roosters than by any other class of vendors.

It seems that human-headed roosters have been on the market ever since the Civil war. They are not difficult to make, a mask which does not interfere with the roosters' activity of the hen's protector being firmly cemented to the upper bill of the bird. All that is then needed is a purchaser and an open-faced audience. It may be put down that the human-headed rooster is a fraud.

COMEDY BETWEEN THE ACTS

Unfortunate Dilemma Caused by the Man Who Went Out to Get Some "Fresh Air."

A little comedy between acts enlivened things at a Broadway theater one night recently, says a New York exchange. A middle-aged man accompanied by his wife sat directly behind a pretty young girl and her escort. At the end of the first act the middle-aged man went out for "fresh air." He came back bringing the smell of the fresh air and gayer spirits with him. His wife gave him a startled glance and like a flash her hand went up to his vest. There, dangling from the top button was a bunch of brown, curly puffs. There was a dynamical second as the wife held the puffs in her white gloved hand and looked at them. Now, she was not a jealous wife, just a common-sense little woman ready to meet an emergency. She looked at the heads about her. The pretty girl's back hair looked as if a piece had fallen out. The wife leaned over to the side away from the girl's escort and whispered. The girl slipped a hand down and back, and the wife stealthily laid the bunch of puffs which husband had carried away on his vest button in the owner's hand. The latter kept them concealed, gently and artfully reached up, pinned them into place, and escort, watching the rising curtain, was none the wiser.

SHE KNEW.



Mrs. Wise—My husband gets up puzzles.
Mrs. Candor—What's he doing now?
Mrs. Wise—Trying to guess how he's going to get the rent.

CHEAPENING ROYAL FUNERALS.

At the time of Queen Victoria's funeral a writer in the Undertakers' Journal complained that while royal burials were still conducted in an impressive manner, a sad lack of ceremonial distinguished the funerals of the nobility. "Item after item has been abandoned. Idea after idea has been dropped, each meaning a distinct loss to our business. An undertaker in the west end, referring to the recent death of a noble lord, confided to me: 'Forty years ago I buried a member of that family and the funeral bill came to £1,250 (\$6,250). Ten years later I buried another, when it came to just £700 (\$3,500). Fifteen years ago I buried a third, at a cost of £320 (\$1,600), but the bill for this one did not reach £75 (\$375).'"

ABUNDANT OPPORTUNITIES.

"What has become of that actress who said she would rather darn stockings than be on the stage?"

"She's back before the footlights. If the company strikes a season that makes walking imperative she can find more stockings to darn on the road than at home."

THE TEST CASE.

"Say, paw," queried little Sylvester Snodgrass, "what's a test case?"
"A test case, my son," replied Snodgrass, Sr., "is a case brought in court to decide whether there's enough in it to justify the lawyers in working up similar cases."—Lippincott's.

HAD HIS HANDS FULL.

Judge—Why didn't you seize the thief when you found him?

Policeman—How could I? I had my club in one hand and my revolver in the other!—Fliegende Blaetter.

THE REFUGEES.

"Now, stranger, it isn't etiquette in Frozen Dog to ask a man why he came here."

"I know all about that. It's the same way in Paris."

DAVID AND GOLIATH

Italian Boy, Pursued By Giant With A Stone.

Rome, Aug. 13.—A curious tragedy is reported from Castlegarde, where a man of 35, named Christiani Giuseppe, has been killed by a boy of fourteen, under circumstances recalling the story of David and Goliath. Giuseppe was a veritable giant, measuring six feet nine inches in height and turning the scales at over seventy-five stone. The boy robbed him of a few centesimi, and he gave chase in a manner surprising considering his bulk. The terrified urchin, fearing capture by so formidable an enemy, picked up a stone and huried it at the giant with terrible force, the missile striking Giuseppe in the forehead and causing instant death.

Kentucky Fair Dates.

Shelbyville, August 23—4 days.
London, August 23—4 days.
Erlanger, August 24—4 days.
Germantown, August 24—3 days.
Springfield, August 24—3 days.
Liberty, August 26—2 days.
Somerset, August 30—3 days.
Paducah, August 30—3 days.
Nicholasville, August 30—3 days.
Fern Creek, August 30—4 days.
Hardinsburg, August 30—3 days.
Barbourville, August 31—2 days.
Bardstown, August 31—3 days.
Tompkinsville, September 1—3 days.
Franklin, September 1—3 days.
Middlesboro, September 6—3 days.
Hodgenville, September 6—2 days.
Elizabethtown, September 6—4 days.
Alexandria, September 6—4 days.
Paris, September 6—4 days.
Florence, September 6—3 days.
Monticello, September 6—3 days.
Hodgenville, September 6—3 days.
Sanders, September 7—3 days.
Mayfield, September 7—3 days.
Glasgow, September 14—4 days.
Scottsville, September 16—3 days.
Horse Cave, September 21—3 days.
Morgantown, September 22—2 days.
Falmouth, September 28—4 days.
Owensboro, October 4—4 days.
Bedford, October 7—2 days.
Kentucky State Fair, Louisville, September 12—6 days.

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TIME TABLE.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

No. 52—St. Louis Express, 9:55 a. m.
No. 54—St. L. Fast Mail, 10:23 p. m.
No. 92—C. & St. L. Lim., 5:25 a. m.
No. 56—Hopkinsville Ac. 8:55 p. m.
No. 94—Dixie Flyer, 6:15 p. m.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

No. 51—St. L. Express 5:35 p. m.
No. 53—St. L. Fast Mail 5:33 a. m.
No. 93—C. & N. O. Lim. 11:50 p. m.
No. 55—Hopkinsville Ac. 7:05 a. m.
No. 95—Dixie Flyer, 9:32 a. m.

No. 52 and 54 connect at St. Louis and other points west.

No. 51 connects at Guthrie for Memphis and points as far south as Erin and for Louisville Cincinnati and the East.

No. 53 and 55 make direct connection at Guthrie for Louisville, Cincinnati and all points north and east thereof. No. 53 and 55 also connect for Memphis and way points.

No. 92 runs through to Chicago and will not carry passengers to point South of Evansville. Also carries through sleepers to St. Louis.

No. 93 through sleepers to Atlanta, Macon, Jacksonville, St. Augustine and Tampa, Fla. Also Pullman sleepers to New Orleans. Connects at Guthrie for points East and West. No. 93 will not carry local passengers for points North of Nashville Tenn.

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